

Realm of Fair Women.

FASHIONS, CUSTOMS, THOUGHTS AND MANNERS OF MODERN LADIES.

THE frolicsome cupids in the dome of Sherry's ballroom ceased playing with their rose wreaths yesterday, and listened anxiously while the councillors of Sorosis, the famous pioneer of woman's clubs, the sisterhood of advanced thinkers, the guild of strong-minded, emancipated womanhood, discussed the subject of husbands, says a New York letter. Well might even a painted god of love tremble as he reflected ominously that no son of Adam was allowed to enter this Eden of satisfaction. It was with a great sign of satisfaction that Sorosis greeted Mrs. Terhune, whom all women know and love as Marian Harland, when she opened the subject by analyzing and classifying the typical husband according to his peculiar traits and idiosyncrasies.

"Every loving wife is convinced," said Mrs. Harland, "that she could have brought up her husband better than did his mother or whatever feminine relatives had the training of him," and all the wives smiled and nodded. Mrs. Terhune added: "The first obstinate fault of the husband, who, for brevity, shall be named John, is that he is not, can't be, and wouldn't be if he could—a woman. And the wife's irrational longing for sympathy in taste, opinion and feeling from her wedded lord is a baneful growth sure to spring up around the domestic hearth. The variance of views upon important subjects consequent upon the standpoint masculine and standpoint feminine makes one wonder at the human powers of philosophic endurance which enable so many married couples to jog on comfortably together."

Courtship Not the Same as Marriage.
"Courtship is one thing and marriage another. Mary's primal mistake is in assuming (upon John's authority) that the two states are one and the same, and that moonlight vows and noonday action are entirely in harmony. Mary takes to the responsibilities of domestic life easily and naturally. John's liking is an acquired one, like that for olives and caviare, and to gain an aptitude for its duties requires patience."

"Another blow to Mary's ideals is a falling off in the small, sweet courtesies which are the peaceable fruits of the gospel of conventionality. Politeness is like gingerbread—it is only good when it is home made, and cannot be bought with money. However kind and intelligent John may be, he needs to be cleverly managed when in double harness, to be coaxed and petted up to what otherwise he might shy at. If he is prone to savagery when hungry, and he usually is, a wise wife will wait until he has dined before broaching unpleasant matters. If he is inclined to object to everything she proposes, as some Johns are, simply because she is a woman, she will learn to make him propose the thing she desires and think it is his own idea. Men may be gay deceivers in love, but at home they are the most glib and transparent of beings."

"John is neither a saint nor a hero. He never tried to make Mary believe he was. He has objected to being canonized, and Mary is more often to blame for her disillusion than he is. Men are not to be measured by feminine ideas or ideals. Put him in his proper place, survey him by the white light of common sense, and if he is true to his vows let Mary thank heaven for a good man's love."

Marital Troubles Should be Kept Secret.

Mrs. Yardley said that one great danger to marital happiness arose from seeking outside sympathy when the charms of romance, poetry and sentiment founded the dead level of reality. "The troubles of married people," she said, "should be guarded as sacred secrets, for then the differences are more easily adjusted and harmony may be restored. One great cause of turmoil is the money relation. Another is that man in his friction with the world forgets how wearing are the small irritations of life. He is tired and does not wish to listen to the uninteresting details of a woman's small trials. The wife grows ill and preoccupied and dull, which further drives him with an excuse for neglecting her, so they drift away from each other. A woman should never allow herself to grow dull and uninteresting. If she would keep her husband a lover, if she would preserve the romance of married life, she must be as entertaining and anxious to please as in the days of the wooing."

Mrs. Herrick, Marian Harland's daughter, attributed the failure of marital happiness to girls being taught to expect too much happiness from marriage, and that love is its only essential by-product, and that love is its only essential by-product, and that love is its only essential by-product. But, while not belittling love, she claimed that respect based upon superior qualities, esteem for those attributes that would make the wife desire the husband as a friend, if she could not love him for a husband, common sense, which teaches her that a faulty woman need not expect a perfect husband, and great patience (that passion of noble souls)—are quite as essential elements in the domestic bliss. She cautioned the wife against holding up her head to her husband always with a scorn in it. Men cannot understand intangible griefs and unrest. She also said that one of the first lessons a wife should learn is that her husband has a right to his own individuality, and that while she can inspire him to greater achievements, she must not try to make him a duplicate of herself. She said that a woman should not dream, mold his character, and she would not respect him if she could. Girls should be taught that marriage is not the gate-way of heaven, and even at this Eden the angel stands with the flaming sword to turn back souls that seek an earthly paradise. Women should know their lovers so well that marriage can bring no great disappointments. Marriage is not a match made in heaven, but an earthly union founded on mutual respect, over which the love that made the bond possible sheds a tender influence.

Jenny June Tells Her Experience.

Jenny June said she compared her husband to her father, and was very much injured at his habits differing from the parent's, until a nice married friend told her that she had not married her father, but her husband; that she took him for "better or worse," and that she ought to find all the "better" she could and think of it constantly. Beside, said the nice friend, "if you had a little private talk with your mother, she might tell you some peculiarities in your father that you would object to in a husband." Mrs. Croly also said that she did not think husbands were as often disappointed in wives, as vice versa, for willful selfish girls made faithful wives and self-sacrificing mothers. "A woman is not at her best until after she is married. Marriage is a great education and test. Young wives are too apt to lower the standard of character to please the husband. It is not enough to be assertive, but simply to hold your ground where principle is concerned, and if you do at the same time hold your tongue and keep

your temper, you can do almost anything with a man."

Mrs. Ravenhill said she was tired of hearing what woman would do and sacrifice for her husband; that women were naturally more gentle and self-denying than men, and that husbands needed to be trained from the time they were born. Girls were taught that marriage was the main object in life. Boys were taught that every career was open to them and all glory theirs by right divine, hence they are dominant and assertive. "Mutual dependence and interdependence is the secret of a happy union."

Mrs. Dennison, one of the prettiest of young wives in Sorosis, said she had always wondered why men liked so well to marry widows until after she was married and saw how the woman who has been married knows the secret of married life, which is adaptability and tact in going around sharp corners.

Don't Ask Him Where He Goes.

Lily Devereux Blake suggested as one rule for marital happiness that the wife should not always ask the husband where he was going when he went away and where he had been when he came back. "And as another the equal division of money, for she claimed one-half of every dollar the husband has belongs in the law to the wife. She told the story of the woman who said: 'When Obadiah said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," she didn't know that it meant one calico dress a year," and of the man who believed in women having money to spend and gave his wife all the butter money. There were eight in the family and they kept only one cow."

Mrs. Lozier said that in the oneness of husband and wife, which is the true marriage, there must be either compromise or sacrifice. That the true wedlock should be the composite reproduction of the sweetest and best traits in each character. "Woman has been called the weaker vessel, the clinging vine, through all the ages. Now every one's weakness and strength is in streaks. Let the strong complement the weak in this marriage bond. If the wife hasn't enough strength of mind to get past a bargain counter, let the husband guard the exchequer. If the man is extravagant, let the woman keep the purse. Some men never can save money until they are married."

Then a sweet-voiced, white-haired old lady rose and talked of love as the solution of the whole problem, the one and only essential in the marriage state as embracing all the virtues that had been named as necessary, and recompensing all pain. The painted Cupids seemed to wave their wings in ecstasy, but the vast sea smiled. The sweet-faced votary of the power of love had never been married at all.

INNOCENCE ABROAD.
The Modest Chinaman Succeeded in Beating the Shell Game.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Here you are, now! What more of a chance do you want to make your everlasting fortune! Come up, come up! The blind old lady wins the opera glasses and the one-legged soldier makes the skates!"

He was standing on the curb, and hanging from his neck was a small wooden tray which bore three walnut shells and a tiny brown pellet.

The crowd grunted—the game was a little too ancient for them—and waited patiently for the inevitable innocent to turn up. Finally he arrived. He was a Celestial of meek and modest mien.

"Here you are, John," cried the thimble rigger, "even money you can't pick the shell that covers the little joker."

"Change fifty," queried John, producing a bill of that denomination.

Everybody grinned. The gentleman with the shells even chuckled as he pulled out a roll of bills and began to deposit V's in his prospective victim's left hand.

He still held the fifty in his right.

"Five, ten, fifteen," he counted.

"Choose it, the cop," shrieked a sympathizing small boy.

The shell-man looked toward the Bowery and saw two bluecoats coming at full speed. Making an ineffectual grab at the money in the Chinaman's fist he sped up the street at a snail's gait. The policeman swept by in hot pursuit and John sauntered Chatham squareward.

At the corner he was met by a second Chinaman, to whom he handed one of the shell-man's \$5 notes.

Then they smiled a broad chow-chop smile.

They said that the game has been worked on four separate and distinct walnut-shell manipulators by the guileless denizen of Mott street, and each time the merry long Konger has come out numerous duets ahead.

She Refused to Imagine.
M. Quad, the Evening World.

There was a woman in a Second Avenue surface car the other day with her face tied up with a handkerchief, and directly opposite was a benign-looking citizen who was on the watch to extend consolation to some poor, suffering fellow mortal. He had scarcely noticed the woman when he leaned forward and inquired:

"Toothache, ma'am?"

She nodded her head.

"Too bad! Ache very hard?"

She nodded again.

"I know how to pity you. I'd about as soon be knocked down with a club as to have the toothache for 15 minutes. I suppose you've tried peppermint, pargorie, camphor, hot salt, whiskey and all that?"

She nodded again.

"Well," continued the benign man, "I've heard that all these things will overcome by strength of will power. They say that imagination has a good deal to do with it. Suppose you imagine that your tooth doesn't ache the least bit."

"And suppose that you imagine that you are the biggest fool in New York," he exclaimed the woman as the tooth gave a jump which lifted her a foot high.

The benign man muttered "Um! Um!" and went to the end of the car and sat down and began to read a newspaper.

Wiles of the Landlady.
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The first cold was had congealed Pittsburg and paralyzed its inhabitants. The thermometer in the boarding house dropped steadily down the cellar, looking for the furnace fire, whose ashes had long since been gathered into urns. A shivering procession came slowly down the basement stairs, to the evening meal, wearing a motley garb of steamer rugs, seal-skin capes and last year's furs.

KEPT TEN YEARS.
A Turkey Killed in 1881 Recently Killed and Eaten.

It is not ordinarily considered to be in good form to cook and serve a fowl that has been dead longer than two weeks, but the guests at a dinner given in New York city a few days ago ate a turkey that was killed 10 years ago. The most singular thing about it, too, was the fact that the turkey looked as fresh as the tenderest bird of the class of '91, and was otherwise like any other recently killed turkey except that the flesh had lost its flavor. Says the New York Times in this connection:

The dinner was given by Edward Bell, the broker. Ten years ago Mr. Bell acquired a Vermont turkey and took it to Knapp & Van Nostrand, 208 Washington street, and asked them to put it on ice. He expressed a desire to experiment in refrigeration with the view of ascertaining how long fresh meat could be kept on ice. It was agreed between Mr. Bell and Knapp & Van Nostrand that the turkey was to be kept on ice for 10 years and then eaten. Accordingly the turkey was hung up in the back part of the big refrigerator. It was a small bird, weighing eight or nine pounds, and had been killed by cutting into the neck. The head was not severed and the fowl was not "drawn." In the refrigerator that turkey dangled from 1881 to 1891. At long intervals it was taken out and shown to Mr. Bell and to customers of Knapp & Van Nostrand. Time and continuous application of refrigeration did not seem to affect the turkey in any way. Its color did not change.

At the dinner there were present, among others, besides Mr. Bell, the Rev. Morgan Dix and the Rev. Hasley W. Knapp, a Brooklyn clergyman and a member of the firm of Knapp & Van Nostrand. The turkey had been "drawn" and found to be apparently in perfect condition. It was then cooked and served. The guests ate the turkey with emotions of lively surprise and interest, but were not long in discovering that it had entirely lost its flavor. The flesh was almost absolutely without taste, and was as dry as a bone. All the essential juices had disappeared during the 10-year freeze. The turkey had lost nothing in weight while on ice, and was in fine color.

The dinner, while certainly unique, was not a success from a gastronomic standpoint. It demonstrated that it is possible to preserve fresh meat for a practically indefinite period in the refrigerated atmosphere, but it made it equally clear that good as preserved meat is, it lacks the characteristics that make it palatable. Mr. Von Nostrand said yesterday that four preserved a year would taste as good as though freshly killed.

HOW LINCOLN PROPOSED.

Text of the Letter That Led to the President's Marriage.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly enough, it has but recently come to light.

Addressed to "My Dear Mary," it reads thus: "You must know that I can't see you or think of you with entire indifference, and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without any further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea."

"I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else, to do right with you, and if I know it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts (if you ever had any) from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness I am sure it would not to mine."

"If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing would make me happier than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood, and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think just in the manner you think it."

Probably this is the queerest letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal of marriage that does not propose, and yet it led to Lincoln's marriage.

FACTS ABOUT DINING CARS.
They Are Not Very Great Bonanzas to Those Who Run Them.

From the Toledo Blade.

"It is imagined by nearly every traveler who pays 75 cents or \$1 for a meal on a dining car that the company is reaping a wonderful harvest," said a traveling passenger agent of one of the leading roads in America, "but the figures will soon convince the most skeptical that the project is a losing one to the companies, and every one who dispenses with the dining car service if they only could. It is the great competition existing between the different roads and the desire on the part of the public for rapid transit that forces the companies to place dining cars on their through trains. All the great trunk line roads are putting on faster and faster trains every month."

"As soon as one company puts on a train that will cover the distance between any two important points quicker than the other roads can then all the rest of the roads set to work to reduce the time, and inside of two or three months some other road will announce a train that will make the distance in 15, 30, 45 minutes or an hour faster than its rival. And so it goes. If any of those fast trains should stop 20 minutes at a station where a dining car is then the trains with the dining cars attached would reach the point of destination all the way from 40 minutes to an hour earlier, and the result would be that they would carry the most profitable paying passengers. It is not cheap meals the people who travel on railroads want so much to-day as rapid transportation. Last year the Pullman Car company served 5,000,000 meals on their dining cars, and profits realized did not pay for the cost of the food. The investment, a leading eastern road last year lost \$36,000 on the dining car service."

THE WILD HORSE.
He Makes a Rover of His Domesticated Brethren When He Meets Them.

Goldswaiter's Geographical Magazine.

Very young students in their first attempts at composition, often informed us that the horse is a useful animal. This sweeping generalization is subject to important modifications before it is accepted in all communities. There are many thousands of horses that toll not like their progenitors, but go like the wind where it listeth, and are looked upon as intolerable nuisances in the civilized regions they sometimes invade. Our Australian friends, for instance, are no lovers of the horse in this untamed state, and some of the colonies set a price upon his head, and do all they can to stimulate movements for his destruction. Seven thousand wild horses were shot in New South Wales alone in 1875. These rovers of the plains play the mischief with domesticated animals when they come among them, and the colonists are very much disgusted to observe that the noble horse, relapsing into barbarism, and forgetting his oats and the other comforts of civilization, runs off with his wild brethren who have not enjoyed his superior advantages.

It must be confessed that our horses need the restraints imposed upon them to prevent them from disgracing their ancestors, who were certainly domesticated when they were introduced into this country. Years ago it used to be the custom in our southwestern territory to brand the young stock and even many work animals, and turn them loose to shift for themselves for a year or two. When they were wanted they were always as wild as Mexican mustangs. Mr. Powell wrote a book on the best method of taming wild horses. The specimens on which he exerted his talents as a tamer were, for the most part, formerly domesticated animals, who had forgotten all about their restraints while wandering over the plains of the southwestern territory.

Travelers in western territories are no longer in danger of such an eruption of horse flesh as Murray described in his "Travels in North America." He not only witnessed a stampede of thousands of panic-stricken horses, but the living torrent swept along toward and over his camp, trampling skins and dried meat into the ground, knocking down some of the tents, and taking with them all its horses except his riding mare, who vainly struggled to break her fastenings. They still range in much smaller herds than formerly on the plains of Upper Colorado; but the wild horse, like the buffalo, has practically disappeared before the advance of the white man. In spite of the experience of the Australians, many people, chiefly savage, have been able to turn the wild horse to good account. Hundreds of thousands of Mexican mustangs have been reduced to servitude. The wild horse of the South America pampas, which three centuries ago, only fifteen years after the horse was introduced from Europe, has spread its region as remote as Patagonia, has been tamed by thousands, and has become the useful servant of Indian tribes.

Naturalists often discuss the question whether there is now in the world such a creature as an aboriginal, or truly wild horse. We know very well that the wild horses of the western hemisphere are all descendants of domesticated animals. Where, then, is the aboriginal wild horse to be found? The question will probably never be settled. J. H. Steel, who recently read an interesting paper on "Wild Horses" before the Bombay Natural History society, thinks the evidence is in favor of the existence of the wild horse in Central Asia. Gesner, the great authority on zoology of the sixteenth century, was of the same opinion, but the fact has often been questioned, and the assertion cannot positively be made that the wild horse of the great mountain region which the Russians are now exploring, and of which they have secured some specimens, is not himself the descendant of ancient domestic animals.

Another question of importance as yet unsolved is whether two or three years' run on the pampas would rejuvenate the average street car horse, develop the latent savagery of his nature and make a wild horse of him. If equine liberty and freedom from human restraint could achieve a miracle of such proportions, it would be very interesting to know it.

Free Speech a Terrible Evil.
From the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Lease of Kansas will make no charge for her speeches hereafter. Thus, you perceive, free speech may become a terrible evil.

Perhaps Dr. Keeley Would Say.
From the Chicago Times.

John P. St. John has regretfully declined to run for president on the prohibition ticket. How would Dr. Keeley suit the dyes for second choice?

A muscular colored man in Arundel county, Maryland, killed an infuriated bull which attacked him by seizing the animal by the horns and throwing him with such violence sufficient to break his neck.

A lot of wild dogs infest Sherman county, Kan., and make life a burden to the inhabitants. They are supposed to be hounds returned to a wild state. They run together and attack both man and beast.

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